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THE STORY OF FRIDOLIN.



FRIDOLIN'S ARRIVAL AT THE IRON-FURNACE IN THE FOREST.

WE have alluded more than once, in the pages of the *Saturday Magazine*, to the spirited etchings of the celebrated German artist, Moritz Retzsch; and in a former volume* our readers will find a copy, in wood, of one of a series of his outlines, illustrative of Schiller's *SONG OF THE BELL*. The ballad entitled *FRIDOLIN*, which is also the production of Schiller, and is exceedingly popular in Germany, has furnished an appropriate theme for the fertile invention and technical skill of the engraver. There are eight plates; the scenes which they represent having been so ingeniously selected, as to afford a connected view of the whole story; and if they want some of that wild and spirit-stirring character which marks the prints of *Faust*, we observe a gracefulness and delicacy of design, agreeing well with the subject of the poem they illustrate, which ends happily, by showing, in a striking manner, the protection of Divine Providence exerted in behalf of an accused but innocent person. Such, according to the old Alsatian tradition,

from which Schiller is said to have taken the tale, was the page *FRIDOLIN*, for whom the net was spread in vain, and who, as our readers will see in the prefixed engraving, stands, after all danger was past, in pleasing contrast with the two horrid men who had been appointed his murderers.

This legend, which, after being clothed in the poetry of Schiller, was turned into a play by Holbein, the director of the theatre at Prague, and set to music by Weber, may be stated in plain prose, as follows.

The youthful and pious page, Fridolin, served with the utmost faithfulness the Count and Countess of Savern, who, on their part, proved that they were not blind to his good qualities. But "who can stand before envy?" The favour shown by the noble family towards Fridolin, for his zeal in their service, excited the bitter feeling of hatred in the breast of Robert, the Count's huntsman, who sought occasion, not only to ruin him in the eyes of his master, but even to destroy his life. Now the beautiful and excellent

* See *Saturday Magazine*, Vol. VII., p. 233.

Countess of Savern, whom he attended in his office of a page, viewed him more in the light of a relation than as one of the household, and constantly spoke his praises. This circumstance, in addition to the delight which the youth evidently felt in executing her commands, became a ground for the wily huntsman to accuse him to the too-credulous Count. The latter instantly fixing upon some proofs, as he supposed, of Fridolin's offensive regard for the lady, and acting upon the spur of momentary rage, rode to an iron-foundry which belonged to him, in the midst of a neighbouring forest. To the grim keepers of the furnace he gave this terrible order:—"When my messenger shall come, inquiring 'Is the Lord of Savern's work done?' instantly thrust him into the furnace, and let not a particle of him remain." He then returned to his castle, and gave the unconscious Fridolin this unjust and frightful commission.

But our page, though willing to perform his errand, had also another duty to fulfil, namely, to learn from the Countess of Savern if she had any directions for him in his way to the forest.—"My infant is dangerously ill," she replied, "I cannot attend the church, but do you go and offer up prayers for us, as well as yourself."

The bells were chiming for service as he passed through the village; and some of the choristers being absent in consequence of the harvest, he was induced to undertake an humble portion of the sacred offices, and to assist the clergyman in duly administering them.

Having satisfactorily fulfilled this important task, and waited till the conclusion of the prayers, to attend upon the minister, which took up a considerable time, he proceeded with a light step and cheerful heart to the forest, where two ill-looking smiths were standing before their forge:

Before the scorching furnace, reeking stand
The weary smiths. A thundering water-wheel
Alternately lifts up the cumbrous pair
Of roaring bellows. One torments the coal,
And stirs the melting ore, till all resolved;
Then with vast forceps seizes the bright mass,
And drags it glowing to the anvil. Eye
Can scarce await it, so intense the heat.
He bears it all, and with one arm lets free
The impatient stream!

Fridolin inquired; "Is my lord's work done?"

"Ay," replied the fiend-like creatures, "it's all right, we've forced him in; and depend upon it, there is not much of him left!"

The countenance and figure of the page, who was wholly at a loss to unravel the meaning of these mysterious words, betokened astonishment, unmingled, however, with terror*. Nor was he aware, until his return home, that Robert had fallen into his own trap, and been burnt alive!

This fact was announced to him by the Count himself, who, supposing the page would have proceeded immediately on the fatal errand, had despatched his huntsman to inquire *if the work was done?* The result may be easily anticipated. The wonderful preservation of the youth, coupled with its more immediate cause—namely, a religious and dutiful act, added to the tremendous judgment which had fallen

* See Engraving.—It has been observed of Retzsch's outlines, that the engraver leaves too little for the imagination, having filled up all the details with the creations of his prolific brain.

Unwilling as we are to pass this or any other general censure on the works of an artist possessed of acknowledged merit, and whose labours have contributed so greatly to the public stock of innocent amusement, we cannot but notice one particular in this print which goes to justify the above objection. Within the furnace, the foot of the unhappy Robert is visible, in which case, Fridolin would have at once discovered the cruelty of the Count; whereas, according to the ballad, he did not learn this till after his return from the forest.

upon the accuser, not only satisfied the Lord of Savern that Fridolin was innocent, but that he enjoyed the especial favour of heaven, and merited his entire regard, as well as that of his amiable Countess; it being equally evident that Robert had richly deserved to die.

The following is the order of incidents selected by the artist for his eight illustrative outlines.

1. Fridolin respectfully receiving a mark of courtesy from the Countess of Savern, who holds out her hand for him to kiss, while Robert casts a look of jealousy at both; and pressing his left fore-finger between his teeth, the right hand being clenched, appears to be meditating some dark design.

2. The Count, on his return from a boar-hunt, is accosted by the insidious Robert, who significantly points to the over-attentive page, walking behind the Lady of Savern, on a terrace of the castle.

3. The enraged Count giving his directions to the wardens of the forest-furnace.

4. Fridolin, with cap in hand, awaiting the will of his liege lady, whose sick child, attended by an admirably-drawn nurse, lies in a crib at her side.

5. The priest elevating the host, while Fridolin kneels "with book and bell" on the step of the altar.

6. Robert is thrust into the furnace by the terrific keepers; others equally hideous looking on.

7. Fridolin arrives at the forest-forge, with the question on his lips which had just before been put by the murdered man, and had occasioned his fate.

8. Fridolin, whose innocence has been vindicated, is brought by the Count to the Lady of Savern, and congratulated by them on his rescue from a horrible death, while, as if to make the history end all the more agreeably, the clever artist has placed the happy-looking child, now quite recovered, safe within its mother's arms.

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

TELL us, ye men who are so jealous of right and of honour, who take sudden fire at every insult, and suffer the slightest imagination of another's contempt, or another's unfairness, to chase from your bosom every feeling of complacency; ye men, whom every fancied affront puts into such a turbulence of emotion, and in whom every fancied infringement stirs up the quick, and the resentful appetite for justice, how will you stand the rigorous application of that test by which the forgiven of God are ascertained, even that the spirit of forgiveness is in them, and by which it will be pronounced, whether you are, indeed, the children of the Highest, and perfect as your Father in Heaven is perfect?—CHALMERS.

NEVER speak of any one's faults to others, until you have first spoken of them to the offender himself.

FOR every twenty years of our lives we enjoy above a thousand sabbaths, which must be all accounted for in the day of reckoning.

EVERY man whose knowledge or whose virtue can give value to his opinion, looks with scorn or pity, neither of which can afford much gratification to pride, on him whom the panders of luxury have drawn into the circle of their influence, and whom he sees parcelled out among the different ministers of folly, and about to be torn to pieces by tailors and jockeys, vintners and attorneys, who at once rob and ridicule him, and who are secretly triumphing over his weakness, when they present new incitements to his appetite, and heighten his desires by counterfeited applause.
—Rambler

WHEN at eve, at the bounding of the landscape, the heavens appear to recline so slowly on the earth, imagination pictures beyond the horizon an asylum of hope,—a native land of love; and nature seems silently to repeat that man is immortal.—MADAME DE STAEL.

GARDEN SNAILS.

THE most common in this country of herbivorous Trachelipods, is the Garden-snail; but the species whose history has been most copiously related, is that called in France the *Escargot*, which, though stated to have been originally imported into this country, now abounds in some parts of Surrey, and other southern counties.

On the Continent, especially in France, this large snail, which is more than double the size of our garden one, is used as an article of food, and though said not to be easy of digestion, is very palatable. They are thought to be in best season in the winter, when they are invested with their temporary calcareous covering, which falls off in the Spring.

Early in the Spring, snails lay, at different times, a great number of white eggs, varying at each laying from twenty-five to eighty, as large as little peas, enveloped in a membranous shell, which cracks when dried. They lay these eggs in shady and moist places, in hollows which they excavate with their foot, and afterwards cover with the same organ. These eggs are hatched, sooner or later, according to the temperature, producing little snails, exactly resembling their parent, but so delicate that a sun-stroke destroys them, and animals feed upon them; so that few, comparatively speaking, reach the end of the first year, when they are sufficiently defended by the hardness of their shell.

The animal, at first, lives solely on the pellicle of the egg from which it was produced. This pellicle, consisting of carbonate of lime, united to animal substance, is necessary to produce the calcareous secretion of the mantle, and to consolidate the shell, as yet too soft for exposure. When this envelope is eaten, the little snail finds its nutriment, more or less, in the vegetable soil around it, and from which it continues to derive materials for the growth and consolidation of the shell. It remains thus concealed for more than a month, when it first issues forth into the world, and attacks the vegetable productions around, returning often to an earthly aliment, probably still necessary, for the due growth and hardening of its portable house.

These snails cease feeding when the first chills of Autumn are felt; and associating, in considerable numbers, on hillocks, the banks of ditches, or in thickets and hedges, set about their preparations for their winter retreat. They first expel the contents of their intestines, and then concealing themselves under moss, grass, or dead leaves, each forms, by means of its foot, and the viscid mucus which it secretes, a cavity large enough to contain its shell. The mode in which it effects this is remarkable: collecting a considerable quantity of the mucus on the sole of its foot, a portion of earth and dead leaves adheres to it, which it shakes off on one side; a second portion is again thus selected and deposited, and so on till it has reared around itself a kind of wall of sufficient height to form a cavity that will contain its shell; by turning itself round it presses against the sides and renders them smooth and firm. The dome, or covering, is formed in the same way: earth is collected on the foot, which then is turned upwards, and throws it off by exuding fresh mucus; and this is repeated till a perfect roof is formed.

Having now completed its winter-house, it draws in its foot, covering it with the mantle, and opens its spiracle to draw in the air. On closing this, it forms with its slime a fine membrane, interposed between the mantle and extraneous substances. Soon afterwards, the mantle secretes a large portion of very white fluid over its whole surface, which instantly sets

uniformly, and forms a kind of solid operculum about half a line in thickness, which accurately closes the mouth. When this is become hard, the animal separates the mantle from it. After a time, expelling a portion of the air it had inspired, and thus being reduced in bulk, it retreats a little further into the shell, and forms another leaf of mucus, and continues repeating this operation till there are sometimes five or six of these leaves forming cells filled with air between it and the operculum.

The mode in which these animals escape from their winter confinement is singular. The air they had expired on retiring into their shell further and further, remains between the different partitions of mucous membrane above mentioned, which forms so many cells hermetically sealed: this they again inspire, and thus acquiring fresh vigour, each separate partition, as they proceed, is broken by the pressure of the foot, projected in part through the mantle; when arrived at the operculum, they burst it by a strong effort, and finally detaching it, then emerge, begin to walk, and to break their long fast.

In all these proceedings, the superintending care and wise provisions of a Father Being are evident. This creature can neither foresee the degree of cold to which it may be exposed in its state of hybernation, nor know by what means it may secure itself from the fatal effects it would produce upon it, if not provided against. But at a destined period,—at the bidding of some secret power, it sets about erecting its winter dwelling, and employing its foot both as a shovel to make its mortar, as a hod to transport it, and a trowel to spread it duly and evenly, at length finishes and covers in its snug and warm retreat; and then, still further to secure itself from the action of the atmosphere, with the slimy secretion with which its Maker has gifted it, fixes partition after partition, and fills each cell formed by it, with air, till it has retreated as far as it can from every closed orifice of its shell—and thus barricades itself against a frozen death. Again, in the Spring, when the word is spoken—*Awake!*—it begins immediately to act with energy, it re-inspires the air stored in its cells, bursts all its cerements, returns to its summer-haunts, and again lays waste our gardens.

It is worthy of remark, that the terrestrial animals of this tribe all delight in shady and moist places, and that during hot and dry weather, they seldom make their appearance;—but no sooner comes a shower than they are all in motion. It is probable that their power of motion is impeded by a dry soil, and that the grains of earth and small stones, when quite dry, adhere to their slimy feet.

[Abridged from Kirby's *Bridgewater Treatise*.]

FRIENDSHIP is the poetry of the soul.—*Observations, &c.*

LIFE without some necessity for exertion must ever lack real interest. That state is capable of the greatest enjoyment, where necessity urges, but not painfully; where effort is required, but as much as possible without anxiety; where the spring and summer of life are preparatory to the harvest of autumn and the repose of winter. Then is every season sweet, and in a well-spent life the last the best—the season of calm enjoyment, the richest in recollections, the brightest in hope. Good training and a fair start constitute a more desirable patrimony than wealth; and those parents who study their children's welfare rather than the gratification of their own avarice or vanity, would do well to think of this. Is it better to run a successful race, or to begin and end at the goal?—*The Original*.

LIKE unto trees of gold arranged in beds of silver, are wise sentences uttered in due season.—?

THE MOLE CRICKET, (*Gryllotalpa vulgaris*.)

In the first volume of the *Saturday Magazine*, (p. 41,) is given from Dr. Drummond's *Letters to a Young Naturalist*, a pleasing account of the fitness of the forms of certain aquatic birds, to the element which nature has principally assigned them. The adaptation is truly wonderful, as a means to an end, and holds good in every department of the animal kingdom. To whatever part we direct our attention, the same Almighty power, and the same infinite wisdom, of the beneficent Creator, are alike conspicuous. The attention which naturalists of the present day have given to the habits of insects, has raised the study of these miniatures of the creation, to a level with other sciences. A piece of mechanism, whose parts are curiously constructed, and the movements of which are correct, is apt to excite astonishment in proportion to the space in which it regulates its movements.



THE MOLE CRICKET.

Thus, also, should the works of the great Creator, however small and apparently insignificant, excite our admiration, since his wisdom and power are infinitely more conspicuous in the fitness of the forms of the smallest animals to their modes of life, than the skill of the artificer in the construction of the most elaborate piece of mechanism. "The structure and the use of the parts of insects, are less understood than that of quadrupeds and birds," observes the learned Paley, "not only by reason of their minuteness, but also by reason of the remoteness of their manners and modes of life from those of larger animals."

The Mole-cricket is one of the largest British insects. It is not often met with, owing to its secluded habits; taking up its abode in marshes and swampy places, where, in the evening, during the month of April, its shrill cry leads to its detection. It principally lives under ground, and the fitness of its anterior feet to its habits and pursuits, is a wonderful provision of nature. The following description of its form and mode of living is taken from the work of those celebrated naturalists, Kirby and Spence.

The most remarkable burrower amongst perfect insects, is that singular animal the Mole-cricket (*Gryllotalpa vulgaris*, Latr.). This creature is endowed with wonderful strength, particularly in its thorax and fore-legs. The former is a very hard and solid shell or crust, covering like a shield the trunk of the animal; and the latter are uncommonly fitted for burrowing, both by their strength and construction. The shanks are very broad, and terminate obliquely in four enormous sharp teeth, like so many fingers: the foot consists of three joints,—the two first being broad and tooth-shaped, and pointing in an opposite direction to the teeth of the shank; and the last small, and armed at the extremity with two short claws. This foot is placed inside the shank, so as to resemble a thumb, and perform

the office of one. The direction and motion of these hands, as in moles, is outwards; thus enabling the animal most effectually to remove the earth when it burrows. By the help of these powerful instruments, it is astonishing how instantaneously it buries itself. This creature works under ground, like a field-mouse, raising a ridge as it goes; but it does not throw up heaps like its namesake the mole. They will in this manner undermine whole gardens; and thus in wet and swampy situations, in which they delight, they excavate their curious apartments.

This insect is supposed to be luminous, as the following extract from the same authors will testify. Should any attentive observer of nature be able to ascertain the fact, it might remove that superstition which ignes fatui have raised in the unlettered mind.

Besides the insects here enumerated, others may be luminous which have not been hitherto suspected of being so. This seems proved by the following fact. A learned friend has informed me, that when he was curate of Ickleton, Cambridgeshire, in 1780, a farmer of that place of the name of Simpringham, brought to him a Mole-cricket, and told him that one of his people, seeing a *Jack o' lantern*, pursued it and knocked it down, when it proved to be this insect, and the identical specimen shown to him. This singular fact, (say the authors before mentioned,) while it renders it probable that some insects are luminous which no one has imagined to be so, seems to afford a clue to the, at least, partial explanation of the very obscure subject of *ignes fatui*, and to show that there is considerable ground for the opinion long ago maintained by Ray and Willoughby, that the majority of these supposed meteors are no other than luminous insects. That the large varying lambent flames mentioned by Beccaria, to be very common in some part of Italy, and the luminous globe seen by Dr. Shaw cannot be thus explained, is obvious. These were probably electrical phenomena: certainly not explosions of phosphuretted hydrogen, as has been suggested by some, which must necessarily have been momentary. But that the *ignis fatuus* mentioned by Derham as having been seen by himself, and which he describes as flitting about a thistle, was, though he seems of a different opinion, no other than some luminous insect, I have little doubt. Mr Sheppard informs me that, travelling one night between Stamford and Grantham on the top of the stage, he observed for more than ten minutes a very large *ignis fatuus* in the low marshy grounds, which had every appearance of being an insect. The wind was very high: consequently, had it been a vapour, it must have been carried forward in a direct line; but this was not the case. It had the same motions as a tipula (a gnat) flying upwards and downwards, backwards and forwards, sometimes appearing as settled, and sometimes as hovering in the air.

Whatever be the true nature of these meteors, of which so much is said, and so little known, it is singular how few modern instances of their having been observed are on record. Dr. Darwin declares, that though in the course of a long life he had been out in the night, and in the places where they are said to appear, times without number, he had never seen anything of the kind; and from the silence of other philosophers of our own times, it should seem that their experience is similar.

Those who wish to obtain a specimen of this curious insect, may do so by tracing out its cry, which is similar to that of a small bird, in a swampy situation, in the month of April. The writer has obtained several in this way, in the fresh marshes near the banks of the Medway, Kent. J. W.

MANY complaints are made of the misery of life; and, in deed, it must be confessed that we are subject to calamities by which the good and bad, the diligent and slothful, the vigilant and heedless, are equally afflicted. But surely, though some indulgence may be allowed to groans extorted by inevitable misery, no man has a right to repine at evils which, against warning, against experience, he deliberately and leisurely brings upon his own head; or to consider himself as debarred from happiness by such obstacles as resolution may break, or dexterity may put aside.—

Rambler

ANCIENT SUPERSTITIONS.

THE Celtic tribes, by whom, under various denominations, Europe seems to have been originally peopled, possessed, in common with other savages, a natural tendency to the worship of the evil principle. They did not, perhaps, adore Arimanes under one sole name, or consider the malignant divinities as sufficiently powerful to undertake a direct struggle with the more benevolent gods; yet they thought it worth while to propitiate them by various expiatory rites and prayers, that they, and the elementary tempests, which they conceived to be under their direct command, might be merciful to suppliants who had acknowledged their power, and deprecated their vengeance.

Remains of these superstitions might be traced till past the middle of the last century, though fast becoming obsolete, or passing into mere popular customs of the country, which the peasantry observe, without thinking of their origin. About 1769, when Mr. Pennant made his tour, the ceremony of the Baaltein, Beltine, or First of May, though varying in different districts of the Highlands, was yet in strict observance; and the cake, which was then baked with scrupulous attention to certain rites and forms, was divided into fragments, which were formally dedicated to birds or beasts of prey, that they, or rather the being whose agents they were, might spare the flocks and herds*.

Another custom of similar origin lingered late amongst us. In many parishes of Scotland, there was suffered to exist a certain portion of land, called the *gudeman's croft*, which was never ploughed or cultivated, but suffered to remain waste, like the *Temenos* of a Pagan temple. Though it was not expressly avowed, no one doubted that the *gudeman's croft* was set apart for some evil being; in fact, that it was the portion of the arch-fiend himself, whom our ancestors distinguished by a name, which, while it was generally understood, could not, it was supposed, be offensive to the stern inhabitant of the regions of despair. This was so general a custom, that the church published an ordinance against it as an impious and blasphemous usage.

This singular custom sunk before the efforts of the clergy in the seventeenth century; but there must still be many alive, who in childhood have been taught to look with wonder on knolls and patches of ground left uncultivated, because, whenever a ploughshare entered the soil, the elementary spirits were supposed to testify their displeasure by storm and thunder. Within our own memory, many such places, sanctified to barrenness by some favourite popular superstition, existed, both in Wales and Ireland, as well as in Scotland; but the high price of agricultural produce during the late war, renders it doubtful if a veneration for gray-bearded superstition has suffered any one of them to remain undescrated. For the same reason, the mounts called *Sith Bhraith* were respected, and it was deemed unlawful and dangerous to cut wood, dig earth and stones, or otherwise disturb them.—*Demonology and Witchcraft*, by Sir WALTER SCOTT.

* The traveller mentions that some festival of the same kind was, in his time, observed in Gloucestershire.

It has been well said, by I know not whom, that an Englishman is never happy, but when he is miserable; that a Scotchman is never at home, but when he is abroad; that an Irishman is never at peace, but when he is at war.—*The Original*

WE have never so much cause to fear as when we fear nothing.—BISHOP HALL.

LOCAL DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS.

FROM a brief view of the local distribution of animals and their various haunts, we see the care of Divine Providence, that no place, however, at first sight, apparently unfit, might be without its animal as well as vegetable population: if the hard rock is clothed with its lichen, the lichen has its inhabitant: and that inhabitant, besides affording an appropriate food to the bird that alights upon the rock, or some parasite that has been hatched in or upon its own body, assists in forming a soil upon it. There is no place so horrible and fetid from unclean and putrid substances, that is not cleansed and purified by some animals that are either its constant or nomadic inhabitants. Thus life, a life attended in most cases, if not all, with some enjoyment, swarms everywhere,—in the air, in the earth, under the earth, in the waters,—there is no place, in which the will of an Almighty Creator is not executed by some being that hath animal life. What power is manifested in the organization and structure of these infinite hosts of existences! what wisdom in their adaptation to their several functions! and what goodness and stupendous love in that universal action upon all these different and often discordant creatures; compelling them, while they are gratifying their own appetites or passions, and following the lead of their several instincts, to promote the good of the whole system, combining into harmony almost universal discord, and out of seeming death and destruction bringing forth life, and health, and universal joy! He who, as an ancient writer speaks, "Contains all things," can alone thus act upon all things, and direct them in all their ways to acknowledge him by the accomplishment of each wise and beneficent purpose of his will. Philo Judæus, in his book upon agriculture, speaking of those words of the Psalmist, *The Lord is my shepherd, therefore can I lack nothing*, has the following sublime idea, illustrative of this subject.

"God, like a shepherd and king, leads, according to right and law, the earth, and the water, and the air, and the fire, and whatever plants or animals are therein, things mortal and things divine; the physical structure also of the heavens, and the circuit of the sun and moon; the revolutions and harmonious choirs of the other stars; placing over them his right word the first-born Son, who hath inherited the care of this holy flock, as the viceroy of a mighty king."

[KINNY'S *Bridgewater Treatise*.]

DIVINE Providence tempers his blessings to secure their better effect. He keeps our joys and our fears on an even balance, that we may neither presume nor despair. By such compositions God is pleased to make both our crosses more tolerable, and our enjoyments more wholesome and safe.—WOGAN.

AVARICE is a passion as despicable as it is hateful. It chooses the most insidious means for the attainment of its ends: it dares not pursue its means with the bold impetuosity of the soaring eagle, but skims the ground in narrow circles like the swallow.

THE human heart rises against oppression, and is soothed by gentleness, as the wave of the ocean rises in proportion to the violence of the winds, and sinks with the breeze into mildness and serenity

In cases of doubtful morality, it is usual to say,—Is there any harm in doing this? The best method of answering this question, by the genuine dictates of the conscience, is to ask yourself another, viz.,—is there any harm in letting it alone?—or, is it good and proper to be done?

MOUNTAIN-CABBAGE TREE.

In a part of the wood were growing Mountain-Cabbage trees, which were said to be of a peculiar kind, and different from all others in the island, (Barbadoes.) This magnificent palm is unquestionably the finest tree that is known. From words, or drawings, only an imperfect idea of it can be collected. To comprehend its fine symmetry, its grandeur, and majestic loftiness, it must be seen. Its trunk is very smooth, and almost regularly cylindrical, rising into a superb and stately pillar, resembling a well-hewn column of stone. At the base its circumference is somewhat greater than at any other part, yet lessening so gradually upwards, as to preserve the most just and accurate proportion. Not a single branch, not even the slightest twig, interrupts the general harmony of the trunk, which often rises, in a correct perpendicular, to the height of from sixty to a hundred feet, and then spreads its palmated foliage into a wide and beautifully radiated circle. Branches it has none, but the fine expansive leaves, shooting immediately from the summit of the trunk, extend around it, crowning, and as it were, protecting the massy column, in form of a full-spread umbrella.

It may, perhaps, be thought, that our noble English oak, with all its rude and crooked limbs, must be a more picturesque object. So it is, and so is likewise the wide-branching silk-cotton: but the loftiness, the stately grandeur, the exact proportion, and the deep-shading foliage of the mountain-cabbage are unequalled, and, in their happy combination, crown this tree the king of the forest,—the most exalted of the vegetable world.

When planted in avenues, it forms a grand and imposing approach to a dwelling, conveying an air of greatness to the mansion which it adorns. It grows, free from decay, to a very old age, but cannot be converted to the useful purposes of timber. It is a tree of state, calculated to enrich and augment the magnificence of a palace: nor let it detract from its majestic qualities, to know that, after all, it is but—a cabbage-tree! Its loftiest summit is a spiral succulent shoot, the sides of which, by gradually and successively unfolding, form the fine wide-spreading foliage. Before this opens, to expand itself around, it is a congeries of young and tender leaves, in which state it is often boiled, and brought to table as a cabbage, of which it is the very best kind I ever remember to have tasted. It is also used, without boiling, by way of salad, and is then eaten with oil and vinegar; and so highly is it esteemed for these culinary purposes, that, too often, a very fine tree has been devoted to the axe, merely because no other means could be found of obtaining, from its towering summit, this most excellent cabbage.

The variety of this tree before alluded to, differs only in having its thick tuft of fibrous roots appear several feet out of the ground, looking as if the tree, instead of taking root in the earth, was growing upon another short trunk placed under it, as a base or pedestal, to support it from the soil: a circumstance which seems to have arisen from these trees standing upon the side of a hill, and the earth being partially washed from their roots by heavy rains. In all other respects they are the same as the rest of their species.

[PINKARD'S Notes on the West Indies.]

We commonly have our eye upon those things which we desire, and set so great a price upon them, that the overvaluing of what we have in pursuit and expectation, makes us undervalue what we have in possession.—BISHOP SANDERSON.

THE ALMS OF LENDING.

SOME persons tell you, with an air which seems to take credit for uncommon prudence, that they have made it a positive rule never to lend money to any person, upon any occasion whatever; yet they might, perhaps, feel surprised, if you should ask them why they have not made a similar vow against *giving* also. However, it is certain, that, upon particular occasions, the one is no less incumbent upon us as a duty of Christian fellowship than the other. Both equally are enjoined by the express words of scripture—of Christ himself—"Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away." And, in another place, we are told to "do good and lend."

Indeed, apart from the express letter of scripture, it is obvious, that lending, no less than giving, to those who need it, forms part of the comprehensive duty of Christian charity and mutual assistance. No honest means are excepted from the general rule, which men are laid under of aiding and relieving each other under their burdens and difficulties. And how often will the timely loan of a small sum of money, enable the industrious father of a family to raise his head from the otherwise insuperable difficulties, in which some unforeseen calamity has involved him. How often will the friendly advance of a little capital enable the well-disposed and deserving young man, to establish himself in some prosperous employment, and thus to set out in life with much more favourable prospects than he could otherwise have attained.

The alms of lending, (says the biographer of that exemplary Christian, Dr. Hammond,) had an eminent place in the practice, as well as judgment, of the Doctor. When he saw a man honest and industrious, he would trust him with a sum, and let him pay it again at such times, and in such proportions, as he found himself able: withal, when he did so, he would add his counsel too, examine the person's condition, and contrive with him how the present sum might be most advantageously disposed; still closing the discourse with prayer for God's blessing, and after that dismissing him with infinite affability and kindness*.

In some parts of the country, loan-societies have been established by benevolent individuals, with the view of affording assistance and relief to industrious and deserving persons by advancing small sums, in some cases, at trifling interest, and to be repaid by periodical instalments. These institutions, it is believed, are calculated to produce very beneficial effects. Mr. Inglis, in his "*Ireland in 1834*," bears witness to the fruits of one of these establishments at Gorey, in the county of Wexford, from which, he says,—

I found a general impression that great good had resulted. Artisans and country-labourers equally availed themselves of it: the shoemaker, for instance, obtained money to purchase leather; the countryman to buy a pig or build a cabin, or to seed his patch of ground. The sums lent are from 1*l.* to 5*l.*, and are repaid by weekly instalments, at the rate of 1*s.* for each 1*l.* lent; 6*d.* interest on each 1*l.* is also paid; and every borrower must give two joint-securities, and produce a character from two householders for honesty and sobriety. I found that the loans were repaid with strict punctuality, and that the society had not actually lost one penny. Independently of the advantage, in condition, which must accrue to a small place from a circulating capital of some hundred pounds, good moral effects are likely, I think, to result. Habits of punctuality are encouraged, and so is sobriety; since this virtue is essential to obtaining a loan. Supposing the advantages of these societies admitted, could not such establishments be made general throughout Ireland by government advancing money to local committees (upon the joint security of such committees, as trustees) at such a rate of interest—say 4*l.* per cent., as would cost the nation nothing? This, I think, is worthy of consideration.

* FELL'S Life of Hammond.

It is by no means intended by any of the above observations on the duty of lending, as regards individuals, to advocate a general and indiscriminate facility in supplying the desires of every improvident or dishonest applicant who may solicit our assistance. We should, by so doing, only give encouragement to that class of unprincipled spendthrifts who are always ready to abuse the goodnature which does not like to refuse a request, and the scrupulous delicacy which revolts from demanding repayment. Our loans, as well as our donations, must be proportioned to our means, and regulated by a judgment anxious to secure the greatest amount of good. We may justly, and without shame, refuse to lend our money to gratify the needless extravagance of another, or when the request is evidently accompanied with a dishonest heedlessness concerning repayment. In such a case, a refusal most frequently will lead to no other result than would have followed a compliance.—the loss of the applicant's favour and acquaintance:

For loan oft loseth both itself and friend,
while we shall save our money for a better purpose. All that is intended is but to place lending on precisely the same footing as other almsgiving, to show that it is equally incumbent upon us with the latter, when it appears to conduce to the end which both have in view, viz., mutual succour and assistance; to show, not, indeed, that prudence is to be discarded, but that it must not be used as a plea to cover a narrow-hearted selfishness, and will not justify any uncharitable rules against doing that which Christianity enjoins us to do. Men may be ruined by lending, as they may by too much profuseness in giving also, but this circumstance will not justify us in abjuring either the one or the other universally. R.

THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER.

ENVELOPED in a murky cloud,
With tearful eyes and wailings loud,
November takes his sullen road,
Thick with the forest's honours strow'd;
A withered woodbine decks his brow,
His hand a sapless oaken bough.

What prodigality of sound
Is heard above, beneath, around!
The wind the laurel-branches heaves,
And rustles in the quivering leaves;
While big round drops, that now descend
From bough to bough, their pattering blend.
From bordering trees dismantled rise
Sobs, as of woe, and louder sighs.
But where the blasts imprisoned sweep
Thro' yon tall mountain's woodclad steep,
Resounds a long continuous roar,
Like billows on the salt-sea shore;
Or countless voices, loud and rude,
Of some ungoverned multitude.
Now high, now low, it sinks and swells,
As more or less the blast impels
The booming boughs: but no delay,
No minute's stop, no moment's stay,
Is felt. Nor rest he grants, nor pause,
The Spirit of the storm; nor draws
An instant's breath, that may allow
The ear to say, "There's stillness now!"

There is a sense of AWE PROFOUND
Dwells in that long continuous sound!
Not startling, like the thunder-peal,
Which makes the staggering spirit reel;
But a deep feeling undefin'd,
Which seizes on the yielding mind;
Holds her o'erpower'd, but not distress;
Soothes her, but lulls her not to rest;
And o'er her casts a potent spell,
Which she nor can, nor would, dispel,
A feeling, to the pensive dear,
Of pleasure, not unmix'd with fear.

'TIS STILLNESS NOW! A sudden stay
Has check'd the wild wind on its way,
As, screaming on its mother's breast,
At once the infant sinks to rest.
And now, throughout the wood, that late
Wav'd bending to the tempest's weight,
Nor could its depths an echo form,
Save to the wailing of the storm;
Nor bends a twig, nor breathes a breath:
'Tis silence, like the calm of death.
'Twould seem that winter had foregone,
By wrong usurp'd, his stormy throne,
And giv'n the rightful sway again
To mild October's placid reign.
Or rather HE, whose boundless force
Directs each month's, each season's course,
Who form'd creation's works of old,
And, what he form'd, hath still controll'd,
Even He hath said, at whose high will
The wind or swells or falls, "Be still!"

[Abridged from BISHOP MANT'S *British Months*.]

PARALLELS.—Man is strong; Woman is beautiful. Man is daring and confident; woman is diffident and unassuming. Man is great in action; woman in suffering. Man shines abroad; woman at home. Man talks to convince; woman to persuade and please. Man has a rugged heart; woman a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery; woman relieves it. Man has science; woman taste. Man has judgment; woman sensibility. Man is a being of justice; woman of mercy.—(?)

SKETCHES OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

No. X.

NATIVE WOMEN WEeping OVER A GRAVE.

Ir, in describing the character of the Australian savages, it was an object to paint them in the most miserable light, one might dwell largely upon the subject of the annexed sketch, which represents three black women weeping over a grave.

Nothing, indeed, can be more pitiable, nothing more striking, than to witness the lamentations of the natives over the dead. They appear terror-stricken by a power they know not of, and cannot account for. At the natural decease of one of their tribe, the men appear bewildered in their imaginations, they shout furiously, and make wild exclamations. By fierce countenances and violent gestures, they seem to defy and threaten the spirit or enemy who had come amongst them, while the women, on the other hand, assembling together, rend the air with their pitiful and lamenting yells.

The above scene I can only describe as I witnessed it, which struck me as being a most melancholy spectacle. I had left my camp one morning to reconnoitre some ground near Mount Wayo, in Argyle, and after travelling for an hour, I crossed a rather steep grassy ridge, and descended into a rich forest-flat, between the hills, of some extent. Bent on following the valley upward, I had proceeded about a quarter of a mile, when my attention was attracted by sounds of human voices, wailing in wild and melancholy strains. I listened attentively, and the more I was struck with the peculiarity of the noise. Having made for the direction from which the sounds proceeded, I soon perceived before me three native black women, and rode up to them. They were sitting round a mound of earth, with their heads depressed and nearly touching one another, nor did my presence at all disturb them, or rouse their attention, but they remained in the same postures, and did not even look up.

I waited some time in astonishment observing their actions, and listening to their horrid lamentable yells. They were each of them striking their heads with a

tomahawk, holding that instrument in their right hand, and wounding particularly the upper part of the back of the head. Their hair was besmeared with blood, which I could perceive trickling down behind their neck and ears. I called to them loudly but in vain. Determined, if possible, to find out the cause of the extraordinary scene before me, I dismounted, and tethered my horse at a little distance, and allowed them to remain undisturbed, while I took notice of the tomb and place around. The mound of earth might have been about three feet high*; it was shaped as a dome, and built of a reddish clay: it was surrounded by a kind of flat gutter or channel, outside of which was a margin, both formed of the same material. The staves of the women were leaning upon it, and their nets, with their contents, thrown aside.

The appearance of the place was agreeable, though lonely and sequestered, and trees of various descriptions ornamented the rich pasture on the ground. The trees all round the tomb were marked in various peculiar ways, some with zigzags and stripes, and pieces of bark otherwise cut, as shown in the sketch.

Having satisfied myself with the appearance and locality of the place, I went up and pulled one of them by the cloak, and succeeded in making her look up. But when she did, I may safely assert, that it would be impossible to behold a more miserable, and I may add frightful, creature. She was the picture of utter wretchedness, anguish, and despair. Her face was covered with blood, and tears were falling fast in succession down her cheeks, as was the case with the others. She muttered something to me which I could not understand, then dropped her head again, and commenced wailing as before, in all the bitterness of agonizing grief †.

* I have never heard of one of these mounds being examined, or whether they contain anything; they appear, however, to be formed with as much care and trouble as we may imagine a native to possess.

† They weep in this way, wailing and cutting their heads, until they become perfectly exhausted, and can shed tears no longer.

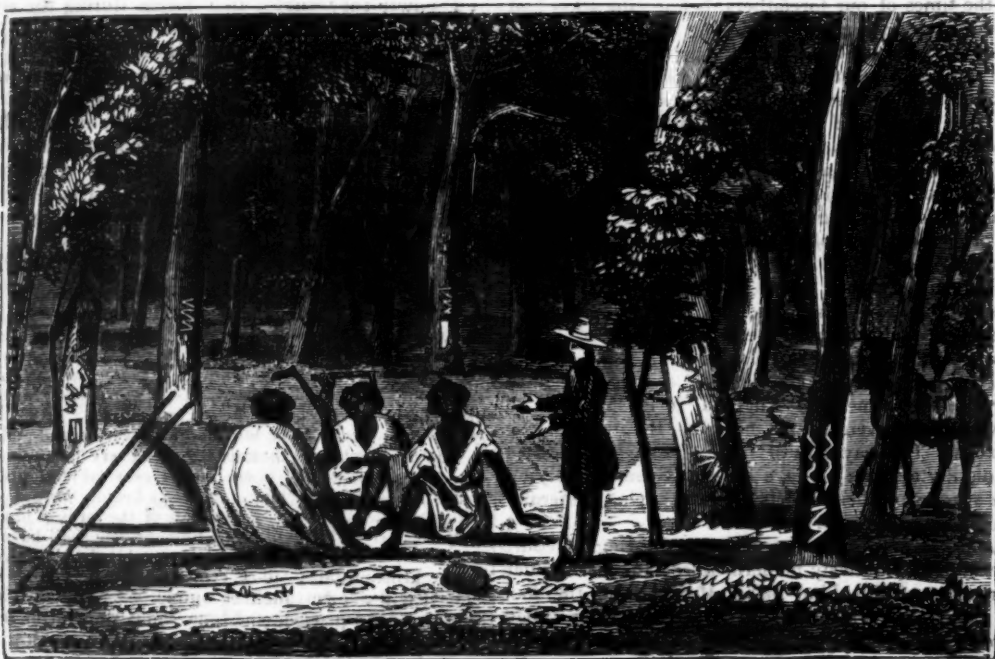
Such excessive weeping could only arise from natural affection, and regret for the loss of a departed relative. But what they utter, or for what reason they wound their heads, is yet a mystery and unknown to us. It is impossible to say, therefore, whether they invoke the dead, as able to hear beyond the grave, or whether the gashes in the head are intended to soothe the departed spirit.

These tombs, or raised graves, of the natives are but seldom seen in the interior, and it is very probable that they are intended only to honour the burial-place of a chief on some particular occasions.

It is a custom, however, among the women, at particular times, to weep over these graves, which they invariably do in the manner above stated, and they are, no doubt, the relatives of the dead.

In some instances these graves have been of a necessity removed by settlers, but the spot is always remembered and wept over in the same manner. As a proof of this, I some time afterwards saw some women weeping as described by the corner of a garden near a gentleman's house on Mulwaru Plains, who informed me that there had been the grave of a native at that spot.

The method of their disposing of their dead is generally as follows, (and although few have ever witnessed the burial of a native, still, the spot having been known, the corpse has been seen in the grave after burial):—The body is removed to the place appropriated for its burial; the head is then bound down by strings of bark, close and nearly between the knees; the two hands are fastened behind each ankle, so that the body is forced into a crouching form, and takes up as little space as possible. The grave, or hole, is made just large enough to admit the body, and deep enough to allow rather more than a foot of earth above it when interred. The body is buried naked, with the exception of the bandages of bark with which it is confined, and the cloak, spears, and other weapons of the deceased are claimed, and become the property, I believe, of the chief. W. R. G.



NATIVE WOMEN WEeping OVER A GRAVE.